

WHAT HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Tiny Shop Spikes Wheel of Commerce



CHICAGO.—The march of commerce from time to time has pursued divers courses to obviate a halt, or the semblance of a halt, but it has fallen to the lot of one of Chicago's large wholesale concerns to employ, probably for the first time, a course which is marching around, under and over the threatening obstacle.

The obstacle encountered by expanding commerce in this instance is the person of John F. Walsh and his little hardware store, located midway between North Canal street and the Chicago river, on the south side of West Lake street.

As a salmon-pure adherent to stand-pat John Walsh has completely eclipsed the late originator of that term.

Now, John Walsh is not clinging to the policies of any particular political color, but is standing pat firmly in his little shop, which is a lone remaining section of a once fairly large building.

His legal or moral right to stand firm on the privileges of his five-year lease of the 25x40 foot shop is disputed by no one, although a mammoth

building now in the course of construction must have the few feet occupied by Walsh's shop if the northern face of the structure, when completed, is to present an unbroken front.

"Perhaps they thought I would take an afternoon off, the my lease up with pretty pink ribbon and carry it over to them on a silver tray, decorated with American Beauty roses."

"Well, you see how badly they were mistaken. I'll have no truck with them. I'm here to stick. I've my lease and it runs for three years yet, and here you'll find me when the three years are done. I'm right on this spot, running my shop to suit myself and I see no reason for moving."

The entire area, bounded by West Randolph, North Canal and West Lake streets, and one of the present buildings of the concern, with the exception of Walsh's little store, was in readiness for the construction work to be begun. And Walsh steadfastly ignored all arguments.

As a last expedient, the unique plan of allowing the new structure to rear its steel girders over the very roof of the little store, excavating the basement, and erecting walls on three sides, was resorted to.

Now Walsh is being bulldozed around on all sides, top and bottom, except the front, which will remain his very own, free and unchallenged, until the expiration of the lease, and "the march of commerce" goes on unhaltingly.

Poodle Cause of Death and Arrests

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—One little white French poodle attacked a Minneapolis policeman the other night. The policeman shot the poodle. The poodle's mistress attacked the policeman. A riot call was put in for the police.



When the din of battle subsided, the poodle's mistress and one man were under arrest for disorderly conduct, and the poodle lay dead in the street and the policeman was fleeing under cover of darkness to his home and a whole pair of trousers.

The poodle, cause of all the trouble, was "Snoozlums," pet of Mrs. Bertha Forslund. The policeman who was attacked and who shot "Snoozlums" was Police Driver David Melbourn, and the man whose championship of the poodle resulted in his own arrest gave the name of Robert Bronsman at central station.

Policeman Melbourn, who is driver at the South Side station, was riding home on a bicycle at 10 p. m. According to his story the poodle ran from the walk and seized him by the leg of the trousers. The poodle pulled, Melbourn left the bicycle, the trousers gave, the policeman was free, there was a shot and "Snoozlums" rolled over in the dust.

It was at this stage of the conflict, according to Policeman Melbourn, when he was complete master of the field, that Mrs. Forslund appeared on the scene.

"You have killed my pet. You have

killed my baby, "Snoozlums," the woman is said to have shrieked as she stepped over the body of the fallen poodle and toward the policeman, who, busy with the trousers that had been torn, was somewhat at a disadvantage.

"I didn't want to hit the woman," said Policeman Melbourn, "so I just held her off."

About this time, according to Melbourn, Robert Bronsman took a hand in the fray. This made things easier for Melbourn for Bronsman was not a woman. The battle raged merrily.

In the meantime neighbors, hearing the barks of "Snoozlums," the shot, the screams of the woman, had turned in riot calls for the police. Down the street came the central station patrol wagon loaded with blue coats. The reinforcements found Melbourn holding his ground and also holding the woman and the man who had taken up the fight.

Leaving "Snoozlums" where he lay in the street the police took the man and woman in the patrol wagon and to central station, where charges of disorderly conduct were placed against both.

Uncle Tom Bloodhounds Are Eaters



ST. LOUIS.—Four large hounds, possessed of appetites commensurate with their size, are perplexing William U. Halbert, of Belleville, public administrator of St. Clair county, Illinois.

The dogs formerly belonged to an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show owned by E. C. Chunn, who died in East St. Louis several months ago, and Halbert says they rapidly are eating up all that is left of the estate.

The hounds, each one of which stands a few hands shorter than a small pony, came by their appetites honestly, it would seem. For years they chased the elusive Eliza across the paper mache ice, always just a trifle too far behind to sink their teeth in the persecuted young woman.

After the show was closed they cried for Eliza for a while, but later signified they would be satisfied with plain, ordinary beef, or something better.

When Halbert first came into possession of the dogs the rest of the estate of the one-time owner of the show was intact, and he even could afford to buy porterhouse for the animals if they insisted on having it. Halbert hadn't had charge of the estate long, however, when the dead owner's father, J. C. Chunn, filed a claim for the personal effects consisted of a passenger coach and scenery and other paraphernalia necessary to the show.

Halbert fought the giving up of the passenger coach with the idea that if the worst came to the worst he could house the hounds in it and ship them from place to place that they might "board around" on their relatives. He lost the suit, however, and found himself the mortified possessor of the dogs, which, after the manner of their kind, lost no time in signifying they would be pleased to sit down to a good meal.

So far they have cost him more than \$100, and none of them has indicated he is ready to get old and die or quit eating just because the novelty has worn off.

"If they were elephants," Halbert sighs, "I could feed them hay. They eat as much as a horse, but they won't touch oats. I hate to think that meat is higher than it has been in 20 years."

lean back. Don't be afraid of breaking the chair. "Elate,"—this to the maid—"hurry on some breakfast for Aunt Jane. Something good. We'll lunch downtown. Now Auntie, please tell me why the pearly drops?"

"Poor Mr. Merriwid!" said Aunt Jane with a sigh.

"Oh, yes, I see," said Mrs. Merriwid. "You feel bad on his account. Well, it was a shame he had to go. Still, dearie, you mustn't let it overcome you. From what the minister said, there can't be any doubt that he is in a better land, and he certainly had a great deal of trouble in this. He's at rest now. I didn't tell the girl whether you wanted tea or coffee."

Aunt Jane looked shocked. "Melissa," she exclaimed, "I don't believe you are a bit sorry!"

"Auntie dear," said Mrs. Merriwid, "when poor Henry died, I assure you I was the sorriest lady you ever saw, but I can't keep on being sorry forever. It's nearly three weeks ago now and the sharp edge is beginning to get worn off a little."

"Weren't you happy with him?" asked Aunt Jane, sharply.

"It depends on what you call happy, dearie," Mrs. Merriwid explained. "When you talk about a happy marriage, it generally means that the high contracting parties wait until the hired girl is back in the kitchen before they begin to throw the queensware, and that they don't call each other anything more venomous than 'my love' in public. At that, Auntie dear, they may have their little differences and be conscious of some slight shortcomings and weaknesses in one another. I won't say that I wasn't happy with poor Henry, but being with him while he read the produce market reports in the cosy winter evenings wasn't rapture, nor yet ecstasy—not as I understand the terms, and not knocking anybody, you know, Auntie."

"I always understood that he was very kind to you, Melissa," remarked Aunt Jane.

"He was," assented Mrs. Merriwid. "He never even offered to beat me. He used to think he had a talent for sarcasm, poor man! and I suppose he imagined that he was stabbing me in all kinds of tender spots when he talked about the way I managed the house and spent his hard-earned money; but he meant to be kind. All he wanted to do was to show me what a silly, careless, vain, criminally extrava-

Frisco Laborers Find a Wine Cellar

SAN FRANCISCO.—That men may drink champagne on a steam beer salary has received convincing proof. Around the ruins of the Grand Hotel at Stevenson and New Montgomery streets were a lot of \$2-a-day laborers the other day who were nursing assorted "heads," but who were very happy just the same.

During the work of clearing the ruins an old rock crusher that stood on the lot was toppled over under the instructions of the foreman. The foreman, the day being hot, then adjourned to a nearby buffet to quench his thirst. When he returned to the field he found that every man jack of his laborers had disappeared.

Their coats were still hanging around on fences and the foreman was puzzled, not having reason to believe there had been a walk-out, until the sound of popping corks, coming from the near distance, mingled with gusty laughter, attracted his attention to where the rock crusher had stood.

He hurried over there to discover his entire crew sitting around the floor of the wine cellar that had been exposed, drinking the cream of the choice stock of liquors that had made the old Grand hotel bar famous.



Barrel Cleaning Made Easy. A machine which thoroughly cleanses 300 barrels an hour by washing them inside and out and rinsing them several times has been invented.



MELISSA FREES HER MIND ABOUT THE DEAR DEPARTED.

Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane found her bereaved niece still in her morning negligee, although it was nearly ten o'clock. It was a handsome, cobwebby negligee, with a big cherry-colored bow at the throat to relieve its more or less funeral black, and Mrs. Merriwid looked well in it, having a fair skin and a figure that was plump, but not too plump. There was a tray on a tabouret by Mrs. Merriwid's chair, and on the tray were the mangled remains of two lamb chops and some crusts of toast, which, with an empty chocolate pot and milk pitcher, seemed to indicate that grief for the departed Mr. Merriwid had not destroyed the appetite of his sorrowing relative.

"My poor darling!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, fervidly.

Mrs. Merriwid removed her very neatly stockinged ankles from the elevation of a supplementary chair and arose in time to meet her relative's sympathetic rush and tackle. "Auntie," she said, extricating herself gently, "I'm awfully glad to see you, but please don't cry on me. I catch cold so easily. Take off your things, dearie, and have some breakfast and then tell me where it hurts. Here, I'll help you."

With a few competent jerks, the young woman divested her guest of her hat and wraps, which she tossed onto aavenport. "Now for the easts," she said, pressing the buzzer beneath the table. "You've had your breakfast, of course, which means a wing of the chicken left over from yesterday's shoe-box with a sliver of dill pickle and a slice of stale bread and butter. Perhaps you had a cup of coffee at the station, but I wouldn't bet high on it. If you are going to live with me and take care of me you've got to gradually accustom yourself to food. Sit down, Auntie, and

giant creature I was, so that I could reform. And I could always get money from him by going through his pockets when he was asleep, bless him! Really and truly, he wasn't hard to manage and I certainly miss him. Poor Henry!"

"I should think you would miss him!" said Aunt Jane, rather severely.

"He snored a great deal, and I miss that," sighed Mrs. Merriwid. "He was what you might call a regular and rhythmic snorer, Henry was, and it had a lulling effect after I got used to it. Now I've got to get accustomed to the quiet and lying a-bed as long as I want to. There's so much in habit, Auntie, and that's one of the blessed compensations of married life. You never saw Henry, and that picture I sent you didn't show the wen on his nose. The photographer retouched it out along with the wrinkles, but it was an awfully big wen and I couldn't look at it without shuddering at first. But I got used to that, too, just as I did to the way he ate his soup. This morning when I let the water run out of the bathtub it almost brought tears to my eyes, and I'm not a very sentimental person, as you know."

"I wondered if you really loved him when I got your wedding announcements," Aunt Jane mused. "You didn't tell me much, dear, except about the bridesmaids and your dress; but I hoped you did, even if he was so much older than you."

"He was only thirty years older," Mrs. Merriwid said, "and everybody told me that it was better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. Of course some old men are better looking than others and don't have intermittent dyspepsia and a chronic grouch. But poor Henry had his good points, and it's very sad to be left a widow. If it wasn't for being in comfortable circumstances and having nobody to tell me what I must do and what I mustn't, and being at



"AUNTIE, WHY THE PEARLY DROPS?"

liberty to enjoy myself as perfectly as I please, I expect I'd feel much as you do now. Sweet chaperone and we'll let poor Henry keep on resting. You'll have your troubles, Auntie. There are three of them already and as soon as I emerge from my seclusion, I suppose there will be more."

"Melissa!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, in tones of horror, "you don't mean to tell me that you are thinking of marrying again already?"

Mrs. Merriwid laughed. "We'll see what they are like, dearie," she said. "I don't expect to marry again, but if I can find a man who's young and good looking and kind and generous and prosperous and clever, with no bad habits, I may change my mind, on one condition."

"What's that?" asked Aunt Jane.

"That I take a fancy to him," replied Mrs. Merriwid.

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Knew Snow When She Saw It. The steamer was approaching the Pireaus, and the passengers, gathered along the rail, were exclaiming over the beauty of the distant Greek mountains, gleaming and sparkling in the sunshine.

Presently one of the women detached herself from the group, at the rail and addressed the captain, who was walking up and down the deck.

"Captain," she asked, "what is that white stuff on the hills over there?"

"That is snow, madame," answered the captain.

"I thought it was," said the woman, "but I understand a gentleman to say that it was grease."—"Youth's Companion."

Many Uses for Aluminum. Although the early expectations of the wholesale substitution of aluminum for steel and iron have not materialized, the demand for the new alloy has grown enormously. From a production in the United States of less than one hundred thousand pounds in 1883, in 1893 the output had grown to 350,000 pounds, in 1903 to 7,500,000 pounds and today it is in excess of fifty million pounds.

Translated. "By the way, what has become of the old water wagon?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's a constellation now, along with the Great Bear and the Dipper."



IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 18 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

In the building of a town situated in a rolling country the level terraces are usually the first to be occupied. Next come those which are easily and inexpensively graded, and finally the side hill lots, offering problems in building that many people are prone to avoid.

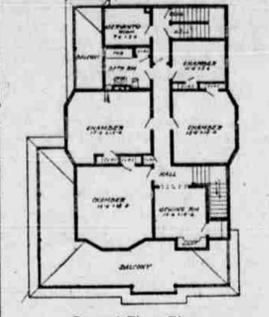
The situation on a hill side or gentle slope, however, is exceedingly attractive. It offers, first, a fine outlook. The houses overlook each other like the seats in a theater, and each commands not only a larger view, but more of the sunshine, more of the breeze, and a certain amount of added privacy which cannot be secured when all the houses are on the same level. In fact, the fundamental principle in selecting the site for a home is to find a rising piece of ground which will afford good drainage, and also add to the dignity of the house to be placed on it. The early treatises on the building of an English dwelling make the narrow terrace, banked against the foundation, a vital part of the design; and the tendency of the ordinary present day builders to set the house high above the ground is due not entirely to a desire to avoid deep excavation, but comes as the result of this old idea of a terrace and a little formal garden to connect the house with its surroundings.

The high hill, therefore, or a part of it in the form of a hillside, should offer no insurmountable difficulty to the builder. But following out the idea of the terrace he should strive for a design fitted to the larger

which every woman will appreciate. This room is 10 feet, 6 inches square. There is one bedroom 15 feet, 6 inches, by 15 feet, another 17 feet, 6 inches, by 13 feet, and a third bedroom 13 feet by 15 feet. The servant's room is 9 feet, 6 inches by 8 feet. The bathroom is 9 feet, 6 inches by 7 feet, 6 inches. A noticeable feature about this house is the large amount of closet room offered. There are six closets, all of good size.

This house can be built at a moderate cost and will afford much delight to the owner if placed on a rise of ground on account of the abundance of light offered by the numerous windows. A feature of modern construction which is based on sanitary principles, is an abundance of sunlight which is deemed essential to happiness and good health. Home builders are coming more and more to appreciate these essentials in construction, and it certainly is vital to the welfare of the race.

This house is estimated to cost sixty-



Second Floor Plan.



RACE OF MEN WERE GIANTS

Bones Recently Found Show Gigantic Stature and a Low Order of Intelligence.

Eleven skeletons of primitive men, with foreheads sloping directly back from the eyes, and with two rows of teeth in the front upper jaw, have been uncovered in Craigshill at Elsenburg, Wash. They were found about twenty feet below the surface, twenty feet back from the face of the slope, in a cement rock formation over which was a layer of shale. The rock was perfectly dry.

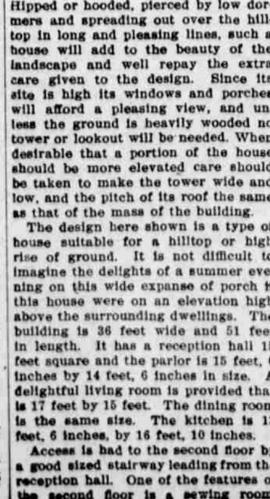
The jaw bones, which easily break, are so large that they will go around the face of the man of today. The other bones are also much larger than those of the ordinary man. The femur is twenty inches long. Indicating, scientists say, a man eighty inches tall.

J. P. Munson, professor of biology in the state normal school, who lectured before the International Biological college in Austria last summer, visited the spot and pronounced them the bones of a primitive man.

The teeth in front are worn almost down to the jaw bones, due, Dr. Munson says, to eating uncooked foods and crushing hard substances with the teeth. The sloping skull, he says, shows an extremely low order of intelligence, far earlier than that of the Indians known to the whites.

Ancient Irish Idol. Any one who knows the folklore of Ireland will promptly recall Neovoul as Monigan's divil, when properly invoked a valuable tutelary of such as use the sea. The fullest account of this strange survival of idolatrous paganism is recorded in the Earl of Roden's "Progress of the Reformation in Ireland" (London, 1851).

"In the south island, in the house of a man named Monigan, a stone idol, called in the Irish Neovoul, has been from time immemorial religiously preserved and worshipped. This god resembles in appearance a thick roll of homespun flannel, which arises from the custom of dedicating a dress of that material to it whenever its aid is sought; this is seen on by an old woman, its priestess, whose particular care it is. Of the early history of this idol no authentic information can be procured, but its power is believed to be immense. They pray to it in time of sickness. It is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some hapless ship upon their coast, and again the exercise of its power is solicited in calming the angry waves to admit of fishing or visiting the mainland."



First Floor Plan.

Hipped or hooded, pierced by low dormers and spreading out over the hill-top in long and pleasing lines, such a house will add to the beauty of the landscape and will repay the extra care given to the design. Since its site is high its windows and porches will afford a pleasing view, and unless the ground is heavily wooded no tower or lookout will be needed. When desirable that a portion of the house should be more elevated care should be taken to make the tower wide and low, and the pitch of its roof the same as that of the mass of the building.

The design here shown is a type of house suitable for a hilltop or high rise of ground. It is not difficult to imagine the delights of a summer evening on this wide expanse of porch if this house were on an elevation high above the surrounding dwellings. The building is 36 feet wide and 51 feet in length. It has a reception hall 15 feet square and the parlor is 15 feet, 6 inches by 14 feet, 6 inches in size. A delightful living room is provided that is 17 feet by 15 feet. The dining room is the same size. The kitchen is 13 feet, 6 inches, by 16 feet, 10 inches.

Access is had to the second floor by a good sized stairway leading from the reception hall. One of the features of the second floor is a sewing room,